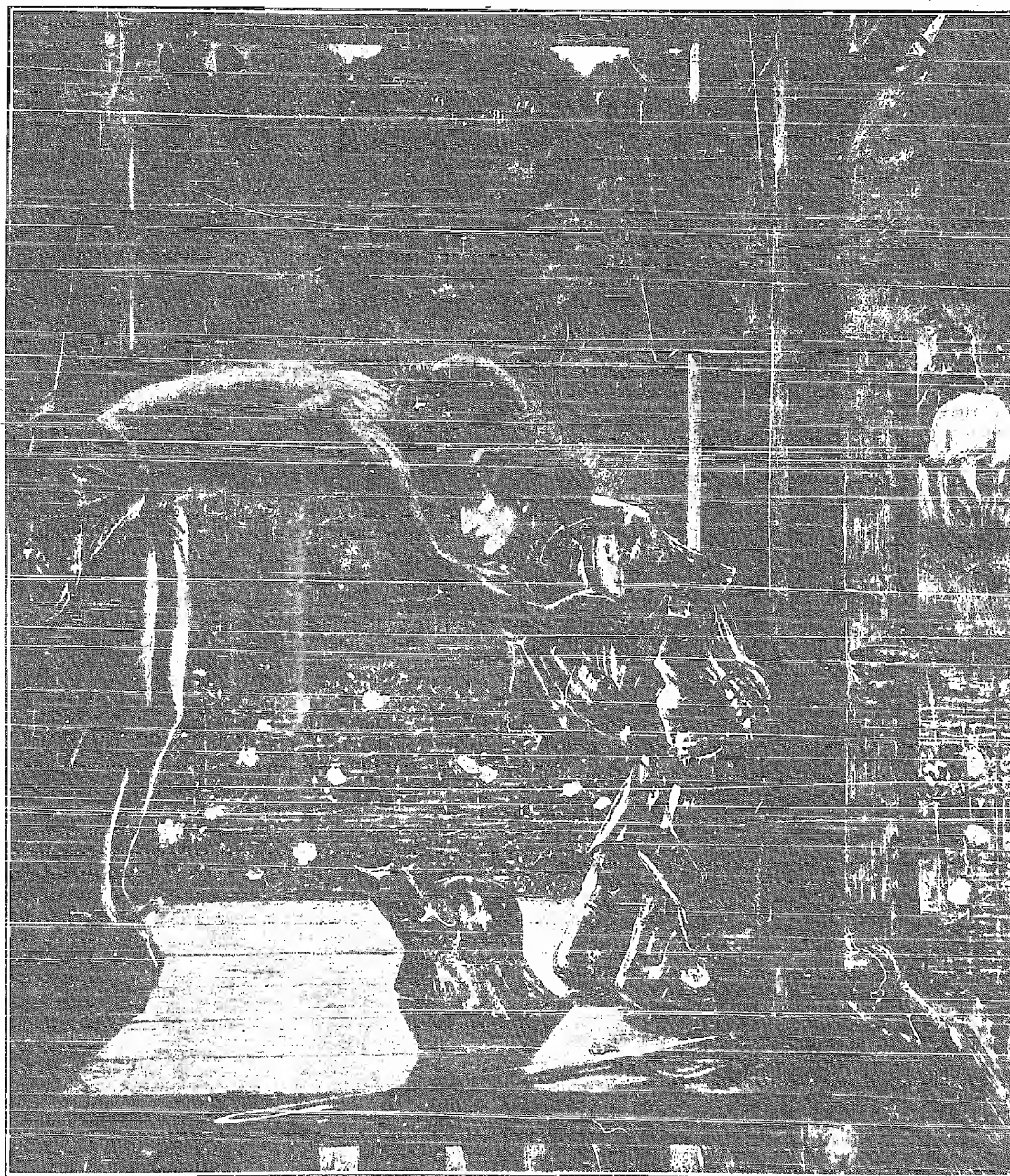


WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

19th Year. No. 10. WILLIAM BOOTH, General. TORONTO, JANUARY 17, 1903. EVANGELINE BOOTH, Correspondent. Price, 5 Cents.



THE MERCIFUL KNIGHT.

(See article, p. 4.)

Happy Jimmy's Unhappy End.

"Floating in the Rideau Canal, near Mar's Street bridge, on Tuesday, Nov. 25th, was found the body of James Irvine, 70 years of age, a well-known figure on the streets of Ottawa for the past number of years. 'Jimmie,' as he was known, was a most noted character, and had been assisted in reforming through the good offices of the Salvation Army, of which he was a faithful member for a number of years. He had not been in the Army for some time, but never reverted to drink, which had been his terrible curse in youth. He had been mentally unbalanced lately, and it is thought while aimlessly wandering along stumbled and fell into the water."

The above is a synopsis of a report in the Ottawa evening papers, and the full meaning and force will be felt sadly by the great number of persons who knew deceased, both previous to his reformation and after his conversion.

It might not be out of place to go back some thirty years, when on the streets of Ottawa periodically was seen the familiar figure of James Irvine, the periods between he was serving in the county jail for drunkenness. James was a skilled mechanic—a cabinet maker—and above the average in ability, and it may be said that some of the jail officials were loath to see him leave, as he did much work for them.

Time passes, and the Salvation Army has opened fire in the city. The jails and hospitals are being visited by the officers, giving a word of encouragement here, and a "God bless you!" somewhere else. While on this mission Capt. Hall (afterwards Mrs. Major Spooner) met our subject; she spoke to him and received his promise on being released to come to the Army barracks. One night, while the meeting was in progress (then held on Sparks Street) the Captain noticed her man enter the building. He looked strangely around, awed at what he saw, and appeared uncomfortable. The Captain kept her eye on him lest he should escape, and as the prayer meeting started, went to speak to him.

"Come out to the front and let God take hold of your life, and He will make a new man of you," said the Captain.

"What? me! Why, I have taken the pledge scores of times, and the last time I was 'out,' went to Father _____" (naming a well-known R. C. priest)—"and I have broken them all."

"Well, never mind pledges," pleaded the Captain; "let God come into your life, and He will take the appetite for the stuff away."

"Well dear Miss, just wait until I go home and change my shirt. The Lord would not want me in a dirty one."

He was told the shirt made no difference; that with a clean heart all else would be overlooked, and was finally got to the penitent form, from which he arose claiming salvation. By careful watching and encouragement he kept on, and was looked upon as one of the rare trophies of grace (of which I think he was referred to in "Evolution of the Salvation Army" some weeks ago).

Many instances might be cited of his heart-felt kindness and love for Capt. Hall, and he often said that when he got to heaven he would stand at the gate and watch for her coming, and would invariably wind up with a verse of—

"As we're fording the river in sight of the land,
Our loved ones will stand on the shore;
As their weary feet touch the golden strand,
We'll press their loved hands once more.

Oh, the waters of Jordan may roll,
But Jesus will carry me through."

He stood by his profession, being made Color Sergeant, and he guarded the flag as jealously as he would his own life.

While in a state of intoxication, while a young man, he fell on a stone, receiving a great gash in his head, and at another time had his fingers taken off from the same cause, and often used to say these misfortunes, and others which befell him, would alone have killed him had he not been an Irishman. He had a passionate love for the Emerald Isle.

Many rare and witty testimonies he gave, and when in a happier state of mind than ordinary would sing:

"Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go," etc.,

and as he would stretch out his fingerless hand to beat the time, his face would brighten up when he came to the chorus—

"Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus."

At other times his past life seemed to affect him more, and he would apparently be thinking much. Such times his song would be—

"For we don't mean to mix up with worldlings and sinners,
Or to buy legs of mutton for the whiskey-sellers' dinners.
You have your churches and your bells, we have our tambourines and drums,
And will be ready to welcome King Jesus when He comes.

For the Army with Jesus will march hand in hand," etc.

Shortly after getting saved he was named by his comrades "Happy Jimmie," and under this name he traveled through the District, as a wonderful example of redeeming grace.

I don't know why he left the Army, but rather think his mental powers became weak; but I am sure there has always been a warm place in the hearts of all who knew James Irvine.

Of late he has been of a wandering disposition. He was placed in the Protestant Home for the Aged, but did not like the confinement and wandered off. It is thought that while walking along the canal bank, he stumbled and fell in, and not being able to help himself, sank to death. His body was found the following day.

Adj. Habbirk conducted a short funeral service in a local undertaking establishment, there being only two relatives with the Adjutant and myself present. In my case, memories of childhood, when deceased took a special interest in me, and later a close friend, I felt as though an old friend had passed away. After the service the Adjutant prayed, making a touching reference to his past services for God, and we can only hope that a just God will look upon him as a brand snatched from the burning, and that to-day he is among the redeemed, and I haven't a doubt will be anxiously watching for his great good friend, Mrs. Spooner, of whom he spoke recently as an "angel among women."

So has ended the life of one whose career has left a deep impression—his early life, how he was saved from the terrible curse of drink, and again the after-effects the drink curse has on man, for undoubtedly his early life had a great deal to do with his mind failing latterly. And so has passed from the scene "Happy Jimmie" Irvine.—Cankarious.

AN ENQUIRY CASE.

A young woman went to one of the colonies. She was a nurse, and being nice-looking and intelligent, temptations crossed her path. She yielded to the tempter, and one day went away with the husband of a woman whom she had been nursing. She at once ceased writing to her parents in the Old Country, who became alarmed at the long time that elapsed since they last heard from her. They wrote and wrote, but their letters were returned through the Dead Letter Office. In their despair, the heart-broken parents applied to the Salvation Army for assistance. The machinery of the Investigation Department was set in motion, and the daughter was discovered. The parents were communicated with, and the grey-haired father crossed thousands of miles of the ocean, and was taken by a Salvation Army officer to the house where lived the erring daughter. The unexpected sight of her father brought her to repentance, so she returned with him to the old home, and although she can never undo the past, she is endeavoring to atone for it, and comparative happiness is the lot of parents and daughter.

THE SEA OF LIFE.

J. A. ROWLAND, LONDON, ONT.

Cast upon life's restless sea,
Out from the depths of eternal night,
Unconscious of where our home shall be
When the soul shall take its flight.

Drifting to an unknown shore,
Tossed by the billows of sorrow and pain,
Unheeding the voices that evermore
Cry out from the solemn main.

Grasping at a broken vow
Like shipwrecked mariners grasp at a straw;
As if perchance the eternal now
Shall abide for evermore.

Floating, drifting to and fro,
Ruthlessly blown by the winds of time;
Ah, "Whither away?" We scarce can know—
We trust, to a fairer clime.

The Master whispers, "Peace, be still!"
The billows and winds of life obey.
Thus guided by the Omnipotent will
We care not "where away."

WISE WORDS.

SELECTED BY M. F. E.

Every promise in God's Book which refers to spiritual things, is yours, if you are Christ's.

They who are Christ's are praying and seeking to be Christ-like. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His."

Satan is always studying how He may injure you. None ever found the devil asleep. "Watch and be sober."

I am looking for eternal life, not as a profitable servant, but as a pardoned sinner.—Howe.

The first effect of the love of Christ upon the soul leads us to influence others to love and obey Him.

Prayer is the corner-stone of religion, and the pillar of faith.

The hour that will especially bring to the test the strength of your Christian principles, is that in which health and flesh are failing.

Life Insurance Companies and Drink.

Statistics have been prepared by English insurance companies which indicate that between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five the death rate of drink sellers is, on an average, double that of other people. In England, where a hundred men of all occupations die, 174 "publicans," or saloon-keepers, die. In the country districts for every 100 males who die, 141 publicans die. In London the proportion is 100 to 193, and in some districts it is as high as 100 to 204.

Rum and the Navy.

Archdeacon Govett, of Gibraltar, in a letter to the public upon the consumption of alcohol in the British army, points out that despite the strong evidence adduced by Lord Napier and Lord Wolseley as to the criminal effects of alcohol in the army (nearly 90 per cent. of the crime being attributed to it), and despite the evidence of statistics, science, and experience, the lads of both the army and navy of Britain are daily dosed with intoxicants. The marine, at the age of twenty, is served every day with his tot of rum, and cheap drinking canteens are regimental institutions. "Until these customs, supported by high authority, are destroyed," says Mr. Govett, "we shall have the shameful vices which send men to hospital or prison flourishing both in the army and the navy. What is the use of discipline for the body, if there is no discipline applied to the appetite?"



CHAIRMAN.

FOR two and a half years, and doing medical work, could do, was sinning had so the withered.

During a break, speak, and C. tenderly and the great Bur wrong-doing weary feet, so ways of evil, of time were seen the end.

Dr. Arlington about this r him. To see appearance be education and born and bro and in his 1 night the pace strange and su down from the beautiful, gift pollution. Ah leveller, its da and poor, high down, but only river of the S.

"Good morning voice of the C room, "How "I am going ed the dying so good of Jes



THROUGH SIN'S BREAKERS

OR SAVED JUST IN TIME

by Brigadier Pickering

CHAPTER VII.—THE CONFESSION.

FOR two weeks the struggle between life and death went on. Everything that medical skill and tender, careful nursing could do, was done, but years of drinking and sinning had sapped away the vital powers, and the withered lily drooped.

During a brief interval she rallied and could speak, and Capt. Hope took the opportunity to tenderly and faithfully lead her to the feet of the great Burden-Bearer. Poor Lily's years of wrong-doing were forgiven, and the tired, weary feet, so long treading the thorny pathways of evil, found rest at last. But the sands of time were nearly run out, and it was plainly seen the end was not far away.

Dr. Arlington called every day. Something about this refined, cultured girl interested him. To see one like Lily, whose manner and appearance betrayed the atmosphere of wealth, education and refinement in which she had been born and brought up, puzzled him strangely, and in his luxuriously-appointed study that night he paced to and fro, pondering over the strange and subtle power of evil that could drag down from the highest pinnacles of purity such beautiful, gifted creatures to the very pit of pollution. Ah! sin, the fell destroyer, is a great leveller, its darts striking at the vitals of rich and poor, high and low. There are many ways down, but only one up—through the cleansing river of the Saviour's blood.

"Good morning, Lily," exclaimed the cheery voice of the Captain, as she entered the sick-room, "How are you this morning?"

"I am going soon, Captain," faintly responded the dying girl, "but, oh, dear Captain, it's so good of Jesus to forgive even me. I have

wasted my life—sunk so low—but He has pardoned me, and through His mercy there will be a place in heaven for unworthy me."

There was a moment's pause, then she spoke again.

"Captain, will you close the door and come and sit by me? My strength is going, and I must say something before it is gone."

Gently the Captain raised her and made her more comfortable with the pillows, then sat down to listen, smoothing her beautiful tresses back from her white brow.

"Oh, Captain, how can I tell you?" she said with a sob, and a hot tear dropped down her pale cheeks, "and yet—and yet—I cannot, must not, die without telling you my story." A shudder passed through the wasted frame.

"Poor Lily; never mind telling me now; perhaps you will feel better soon," said the tender-souled little woman by her side, as the tears filled her own eyes.

"Oh, no—no—I must speak now, or it will be too late soon. It's a terrible story," said the dying girl. "You have known me so long, as Lily, but it is only right that you should know my true name. My father is Squire St. Clair-Greenville, of Woodland Manor."

Capt. Hope started as the name of the well-known country gentleman was spoken.

"Ah, no wonder you are surprised, Captain, and I could scarcely expect you to believe me, but I am dying, and it would not benefit me to deceive." And then slowly, with feeble breath, she told the awful story of her fall and ruin, punctuated with many a sob and pause to regain strength to go on to the end. At last she finished and lay back with closed eyes, still and white, until the Captain was alarmed lest the great effort had proved too much, and she was gone, but the spirit had not broken loose from

its wasted tenement yet, and presently with a sigh she opened her eyes, and said faintly: "I am so glad you know; but, oh, Captain, if I could only see my dear father and mother again and hear them say they forgive me, it would be easier to die. Dear, dear mamma, how she loved me! and papa, who never denied anything his 'Woodland Flower'—as he called me—asked for. I have disappointed them, broken their hearts, and they must think me dead long ago. Oh, Captain," she wailed piteously, "do you think I have a right to expect God to forgive me after my shameful life?"

"Yes, Lily, because Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost. Do not doubt Him now, dear; trust Him to the end."

"I—I—will," sobbed the poor girl, "but, oh, I don't deserve His mercy and goodness!"

Tenderly Capt. Hope laid her back in bed, and after administering a soothing draught, said, "You must be still now, dear, and try to sleep."

Like a tired child the poor girl lay exhausted, each breath seemed to get more difficult, and the Captain noted, with a troubled heart, the struggle for life, and the rapidly-advancing stream of death that would bear her away.

What had she better do? If only Lily's parents could be reached and arrive in time—(she could not think of her as Evelyn). Yes, she would wire them.

While busy cogitating as to her best methods, a tap was heard, the door softly opened and Dr. Arlington walked in.

"How is she?" he queried in a low voice, but one glance at the form on the bed answered his question—the end was near.

"She may live until evening, but it is doubtful," said the doctor sadly, as he stood watching with troubled countenance the last struggle.

Leaving the doctor and nurse alone with Lily for a few moments, Capt. Hope proceeded with quiet decision to carry out her plan, and soon the telegram was flashing over the wires to Lily's home, announcing the discovery of the lost darling, and begging them to come at once.

After communicating with the Rescue Headquarters the Captain returned to the sick-room, with the determination to remain until the end.

The doctor soon took leave. "We can do nothing more now," he said huskily, "she will soon be gone. We must leave her in God's hands."

"Yes, doctor," softly answered Capt. Hope, "she is safe there—no more temptation, no more storms of sin will sweep over her now. She is almost in the harbor."

The doctor was strangely moved; his emotions were too strong for words, and pressing the Captain's hand for reply, he quietly left the room.

The hours ticked slowly away, and still she lingered, but as the light waned Lily opened her eyes once more, and the white lips murmured, "Will—you—sing—'Jesus, Lover—'?"

Softly the grand old song floated out—

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high,
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storms of life are past,
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last."

As the last note died away, the feeble voice whispered, "Safe into the haven guide," then, with a strange, glad cry, she exclaimed in a clear strong voice, "O mother, mother!" and a smile lit up her features as if in glad recognition of her loved one again. Then her voice fell and she said faintly: "Captain—Jesus—safe—saved—saved—just in time," and with a sigh, as if in glad release, her spirit burst the bonds of a frail casket, and from the swirling waters of sin's surging breakers, the forgiven Magdalene—almost lost—but, through the mercy of God, saved just in time, entered through the pearly gates, and joined the countless throng who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and was welcomed by Him who, in spite of all her sin, bade her, even at the closing hour of life's day, "Go in peace and sin no more."

(To be continued.)



"The door softly opened, and Dr. Arlington walked in."

GAZETTE.

Promoted to Glory—

Lieut. T. Forsberg, who came out of Jamestown, Sept. 7th, '01. Promoted to Glory from Medicine Hat, Dec. 25th, 1902.

Promotion—

ADJT. GIDEON MILLER to be STAFF-CAPTAIN.

Lieut. A. R. Bristow, of Provincial Headquarters, Winnipeg, to be Captain.

Appointments—

BRIGADIER SOUTHALL, Provincial Officer for the North-West Province, to be Secretary for Special Efforts, at Territorial Headquarters.

MRS. BRIGADIER SOUTHALL to be Secretary for Women's Social Work, at Territorial Headquarters.

MAJOR BURDITT, Spiritual Special, to be Provincial Officer for the North-West Province.

STAFF-CAPT. GIDEON MILLER to Territorial Headquarters as Building Superintendent.

ADJT. ORCHARD to Sarnia Corps and Petrolia District.

ENSIGN G. P. THOMPSON, St. Stephen, to Halifax Shelter.

ENSIGN McLELLAND, Halifax Shelter, to St. John III.

ENSIGN KNIGHT, St. John I., to Sydney.

ENSIGN ALLEN, Sydney, to furlough.

ENSIGN W. THOMPSON, St. John III., to Westville.

ENSIGN BOWERING, Woodstock, to St. John I.

ENSIGN CAMPBELL, St. Thomas, to Special Work, West Ontario Province.

ENSIGN SHEARD to Greenwood Corps.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,

Commissioner.

The Merciful Knight.

(To our frontispiece.)

The old legend which inspired the painter with the picture of our frontispiece, tells of a noble knight in whose power was given the life of his bitterest enemy, whom he might have destroyed with perfect immunity from punishment, according to the custom of his time, since he had defeated him in a fair fight; but he mercifully forgave the man who had injured him cruelly. Then he turned to one of the wayside shrines, in which hung the image of the crucified Christ. The knight bowed in humility to the carved figure of Him whom he sought to imitate in life, and who in His death agony had cried: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." And the legend tells us that the carved Christ bowed down to kiss His faithful disciple, in token that his act had pleased God.

♦ ♦ ♦

To overcome one's self is the greatest victory of the Knights of the Cross, the warriors of the Bleeding Lamb. Opportunities to requite continually present themselves, and that in the garb of justifiable protection. Nobody dreams to revenge an injury with death, and few professors of Christianity would entertain to repay an injury by an injury, yet the undefinable feeling of "getting even" with its clamor often subdues cool reason or calmer judgment. It is in this that the true Christian spirit shines brightest, the patient bearing of injury and insult, not with the cringing servility of a slave, but the dignity of true humility.

♦ ♦ ♦

Revenge is the Lord's. "I will repay," declares the God of the Universe, the only One who can judge every matter in its true light and bearing, and who knows every motive and circumstance. Let God avenge your wrongs, your business is to do good—not only to those who are friendly to you, but to those who are envious and malicious. Let us carefully watch, that the wiles of the devil do not snare us to

practice any unmerciful usages under the cover of justice, or other lame excuses; but show ourselves only unmerciful to sin, but always full of compassion to the sinner. Then in our prayers and communions with God we shall feel the arms of love encompass us, and the kiss of the Christ of love upon our soul.

The Commissioner's
CHRISTMAS WEEK.

Miss Booth has been busily engaged during the festive season, apart from her multifarious official work.

On Christmas Eve she was present at the making up and sending out of the Christmas dinners in baskets to poor families.

On Sunday afternoon she addressed a huge audience at the Massey Hall, under the auspices of the Canadian Temperance League, on the drink evil.

On Monday the Commissioner presided at a tea for the children of officers of the T. H. Q. Staff, C. O. Provincial Staff, and city corps, followed by a visit of Santa Claus, distributing presents among the coming officers.

On Tuesday night the Temple Juniors and Band of Love had their annual Christmas tree and entertainment, at which Miss Booth was present.

On Wednesday she conducted a Watch-night service at the Temple, when over thirty souls came out for salvation and purity. The Temple was well filled and the service was a solemn and impressive occasion.

Thursday night the Poor Children's New Year's Dinner took place, when nearly 600 little ones were made happy by a splendid meal, entertainment, and parcel of presents.

And there is yet to come an officers' council, followed by a series of public meetings. Thus our Territorial leader finds her time disposed of for weeks to come, setting an example of activity and zeal to all her officers and soldiers.

Let our achievements bear evidence to our beloved Commissioner of our earnest desire to imitate her example.

The Scotch P.O. at Dartmouth.

(By Wire.)

Lieut.-Colonel Sharp's visit to Dartmouth for the week-end has delighted us. Powerful times. Large crowds. Nine souls. Monday the Lieut.-Colonel conducted a hallelujah wedding. Building packed. William Marshall and Lottie Rafuse were made one. Three souls found salvation. Income for week-end, sixty dollars.—Ensign Alf Jennings.

The General Secretary in London.

(By Wire.)

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin's visit to London was a tremendous success. Saturday night, great welcome meeting; full band in attendance and large gathering. One soul at the mercy seat.

Sunday, a day of victory; crowds splendid; finances more than doubled, and a number of souls sought and found pardon.

Monday night the Lieut.-Colonel's lecture a grand triumph; people moved to laughter and tears.

Everyone delighted with their visit, and are unanimous in inviting the Lieut.-Colonel back to London again. The Provincial Staff ably assisted at this meeting.—Amico.

The present session of the Territorial Training Home closes on Feb. 5th, when the Cadets will proceed to their first appointments. As will be seen by the announcements, they will receive their commissions from the hands of the Commissioner, at the Temple, on Monday, Feb. 2nd.

Territorial Newslets.

The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Jacobs left Toronto on Saturday night for their Western Tour, and Major and Mrs. Burditt on Monday. The Major will be installed as the Provincial Officer, by the Colonel, at Winnipeg, on Wednesday, Jan. 7th.

Brigadier Southall and family arrived fresh and hearty from the North-West, on Saturday evening. We gather that those western warriors gave the Brigadier a royal send off, worthy of them, and we can be quite sure that Major Burditt will have a loving welcome.

Rev. Frank Read, a brother of the late Brigadier Read, who for ten years has been a missionary in West Central Africa, returned home a few weeks ago, not in the very best of health. On Tuesday morning, Dec. 16th, he died suddenly, in Montreal. It will be interesting to note that the late Rev. Frank Read definitely took his stand as a Christian while visiting his brother, the Brigadier, while the latter was a Cadet in the Clapton Training Home, and has had a most useful career since. He leaves a wife and six children, who need our prayers.

Major Barker, Staff-Capt. White and Wiseman came across the border to see us in Toronto this Christmastide. Their pleasant manners and smiling faces were appreciated.

We learn from a Cleveland comrade, who is visiting the city, that Adj. Heft is very ill, and it is feared he has slight symptoms of small-pox, although it is hoped matters will not turn out as seriously as at first supposed.

While the children's treat was in progress in the large auditorium, Staff-Capt. H. Morris, with the Sergt.-Major of the Temple, were praying in the Jubilee Hall with a drunken backslider, who had, some years ago, been a faithful soldier of the Temple corps. A few days later this individual came into the Editorial Office to inform us that he had been beautifully sustained by the power of God, and although his affairs, both domestic and otherwise, through his sin, have become very much complicated, they were all assuming a more favorable aspect. With a face nearly as radiant as the sunshine, he was searching for the Staff-Captain to thank him for his kindly interest.

Lieut. Forsberg, of Rat Portage, North-West Province, was promoted to Glory on Christmas Day.

Some very interesting particulars have been received as to the after-effects of the General's meetings. In the city of Toronto forty-seven of those who sought salvation have since been enrolled as soldiers. Eighteen were added to the roll at London, Ont., and sixty-three at Winnipeg. The above figures do not include those who came out for the blessing of a clean heart, and who were especially helped.

It is pleasing to note that the Yorkville Rescue Home is in a flourishing condition, and much good is being done. The sympathy of the Toronto public with this branch of the work is very marked, and the efforts that are being constantly put forth by the inmates to help to make the Home self-supporting, can be taken as an evidence of the good desires of the girls. Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs were present at the Christmas tree, which was a very enjoyable affair.

The Children's Shelter, on Barclay Ave., was the scene of unusual activity this Christmastide. All possible was done to make a pleasant Christmas for the children, by Ensign Crocker, better known as "Mother." A large number of presents were sent in by a sympathetic public, which contributed not a little to the pleasure of the event.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire's meetings at Riverside have already been signally successful. Twenty-two souls for the week-end, splendid crowds and finances. On Sunday night our comrades finished with one mighty outburst of thanksgiving to God for His goodness. The Colonel personally describes the campaign thus far as equalling anything he has yet experienced from an all-round point of view.



THE ARMY

ANYWHERE AND EVERYWHERE



Great Britain.

Sir George Newnes has presented a euphonium, valued at eight guineas, to the Swansea I. band.

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It is very gratifying to report the receipt, by the Salvation Army, of a donation of \$500 from the London City Council. At the last fortnightly meeting of that body, it was unanimously agreed "That the sum of \$500 be granted, out of the city's cash, to the Salvation Army, to provide soup for distribution in the poorer parts of London." Such help is most timely, and worthy of imitation by other public bodies.

♦ ♦ ♦

St. Ives, a fishing town, has been suffering for many weeks from a drought of fish. The fisher-folk have been reduced to want. Among the most practically sympathetic men in the town are Adj. Andrews and "Happy Dick," the Treasurer. They have visited the needy, and encouraged them over a trying period. At last they set to work to pray in desperate earnestness and faith, and it is a treat to hear Andrews tell the story.

"Happy Dick," in full assurance of faith, goes to a fisherman and says, "Go out and fish to-night, and I'll go with you."

"It's no good," says the man.

But Dick prevails, and they go. When some distance out the fisherman suggests casting out his net.

"No," says Dick, "further out." Out they go until Dick gives the word, "Let down your net," and the result is they haul in thousands of fish.

Much fish has been brought in since, and it is generally believed in the town that the Adjutant's and Dick's prayers helped to bring about this result. And so they did!

♦ ♦ ♦

The following, from the British Cry, concerning an old Canadian officer, will be read with relish:

"Can anyone tell when Major Baugh, the genial Corps-Cadet Secretary of South London, was not in his anecdote? Years ago—so long, indeed, that I feel myself growing old at the mere thought—I heard the Major discourse for the first time. It was in a Canadian town, and he commenced with an anecdote. He was at it before this, and he has been at it ever since, and still has a fresh and never-failing supply. What a fund of stories he must have in his possession, or in his mind, wherever he keeps them!

"Major Baugh was saving souls when some of us were in knickers, and was Captain at Whitechapel when Lieut.-Colonel Jeffries was numbered with the transgressors. Regent Hall, too, honors his memory. Do not imagine, however, that Major Baugh is an ancient. He began early, and that makes all the difference in the world. He got to work before many of us opened our eyes to the glories of salvation. Few men can say that they have worked in the east as well as the west. The Bishop of London and the Baugh of South London can! The Major, it is said, is fond of farming. This is magnificent, for he is at present engaged in teaching the youngsters how to drive a straight furrow—a work for which he has special fitness. Three (or perhaps more) of his children are officers."

♦ ♦ ♦

Crowds of men, women, and children wait eagerly at the food bar of the Bristol Shelter for their turn to be served with soup, which is sold at one penny and halfpenny per basin. All classes of labor are represented, including engineers, stokers, clerks, and shopmen. Mothers and children, all looking hungry and miserable, were also there.

The General in California.

Two Hundred and Fifty Souls at San Francisco—Salt Lake City Visited.

(By Wire.)

San Francisco campaign ended in glorious triumph. Watch-night was a tremendous success. Mercy seat was crowded; amongst those kneeling at the penitent form there were sixty men, making a grand total of 250 souls.

Yesterday the General conducted meetings in Salt Lake City, the Mormon metropolis. God conquered. State Governor presided afternoon, and spoke in unmeasured terms of good accomplished by Army. General was once more equal to occasion, and cleared his skirts of people's blood. The Consul was mighty in power, the fighting severe; eleven souls were captured. General exceedingly weary, otherwise well. Pray for him.—COLONEL LAWLEY.

Germany.

The circulation of the German Christmas War Cry, which, by the way, is a beauty, beats the record. Over fifty thousand copies were ordered.

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In connection with a recent Staff gathering, in Berlin, the Chief of the Staff sent the following message:

"Warmest congratulations to all on God's abundant goodness to you and your command. It is the beginning of a grand visitation of salvation for the Fatherland. I urge upon you holiness for yourselves, love for your officers, the passion of Jesus for the sinners, and the principles of the Salvation Army for all. The General is well. His campaign is an unqualified triumph."

From Commissioner and Mrs. O'Phant, the Territorial leaders, came the response:

"The Staff of Germany, assembled at Berlin, thank the Chief of the Staff for his inspiring message, which touches their hearts."

"They promise fidelity to the blood-and-fire, and pledge themselves to rush the winter campaign, which has for its double object the more desperate and determined effort for the salvation of souls, and stretching out a helping hand to the thousands who are at this time in distress."

"They are enthusiastic for the future of the Army in Germany, send loving greetings to yourself, and beg you to communicate a loyal message to their beloved General, over whose remarkable triumphs we right heartily rejoice and give God the glory."

Holland.

A series of useful and enthusiastic farewell meetings have been conducted by Commissioner Cosandey in some of the chief towns of Holland. The final and best took place in the Bellevue Hall, Amsterdam.

During the course of this successful gathering, messages were received from the Chief of



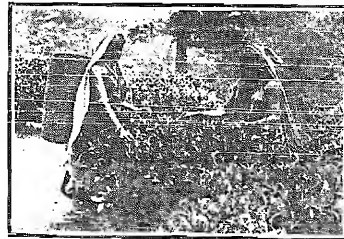
Native Huts, Ceylon.

the Staff and Commissioner Howard, expressing appreciation of the faithful work of the outgoing Commissioners, and commending the new Territorial leaders, Commissioner and Mrs. Estill, to their Dutch comrades.

In reply, an inspiring assurance of loyalty and confidence was despatched.

South America.

Salvation Army literature finds its way into nearly all parts of the globe. We read that in Buenos Ayres, after a long journey as a colporteur, in truly dark places, Geo. Wm. Glass found some British War Crys, which, after months without a sight of Christian literature, he eagerly devoured. These were copies of the London edition, dated September 6th, and as he read them the tears filled his eyes. God broke down his stubborn heart. He went to his room and asked for and received the blessing of holiness.



Ceylon Tea Pluckers.

Malta.

From this great British Naval Station comes the following interesting report:

"We are all very much alive at Malta. For real life and 'go' our meetings would be hard to beat. Six men of H.M. navy have recently given themselves to God. One, a signalman on H.M.S. —, went on board at night and signalled to a comrade on H.M.S. — that he had got saved. The news caused quite a flutter of excitement amongst the men, as this signalman had been quite a noted character in the devil's service."

"We have had some exciting experiences to pass through lately. The other Saturday a terrific storm broke over the island, such as is unknown in England, and we were flooded out. The water rushed down the stairs in torrents, and the officers, with a number of bluejackets, had difficulty in keeping it from the bedrooms. The men had to be stationed at different parts of the Home, with a good deal of hard work, they managed, after the storm had abated, to put things right. They then settled down for a good, red-hot meeting, and two men, who had both been influenced by our Leaguers, got converted."

"We have just commissioned Chief Stoker Juge as Visiting Sergeant, and he has already put heart and soul in his work. All the military hospitals on the Island are thrown open to us, and as we enter the different wards our uniform causes quite a stir. The patients are very eager to receive Salvation Army papers. If comrades would, after they have finished with their War Crys, send them to us (postage paid) we would be very glad, as we are asked for so many when visiting. They should be addressed: Salvation Army Home, 86 Strada Vittoria, Senglea, Malta.—L. Souter."

A Belgian, Lieut. de Magnanne, and his party, who were in charge of Port Boni, Congo, on the frontier of Uganda, were attacked by a cannibal tribe, June 14th last, and the entire party was murdered and eaten.

THE SOLDIERS' SECTION

DAILY READINGS.

SUNDAY.

"And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power."—1 COR. ii. 14.

A little time ago, for more than an hour, a crowd of men and women stood on one of our street corners. It was a well-dressed crowd, and it was thoroughly respectful and interested. In the centre of this group stood a frail little Salvation Army lassie. She spoke with the eloquence of conviction and enthusiasm, and her language was that of a refined and educated woman. On her face was the spiritual glow that was more than beauty. She told the old, old story in a manner that plainly moved her hearers, most of them men of the world. She as truly preached the Gospel as any minister in a stately pulpit on Sunday morning. That scene was representative of a thousand similar scenes that were being enacted at the same time the world around. The organization which makes them possible, and the man who brought into being the organization, are worthy of the honor of all who love morality, religion, and the public welfare.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

MONDAY.

"It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish."—MATT. xviii. 14.

Last month Candidate Scotte, of Water Valley corps, Jamaica, was walking by a spot where two rivers meet, when she heard cries from the water, of "Help! Help!" The Candidate, who was not in good health at the time, ran to the waterside and saw a woman who, to all appearances, was drowning. Without hesitation she plunged in and brought her safely to shore. Oh, that we could find people reckless of self and all earthly prospect in the rescuing of souls who are going into eternity unsaved!—A. R. Mullins, Capt.

TUESDAY.

"I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."—JOHN xii. 32.

"I want to be an officer," said a man little known to Adj. Phillips, of Jamaica.

"Prove to me, then, that you can get men and women converted," said our comrade Phillips. "Go and get the people in your own neighborhood—in your own street—saved."

Off went the man, returning in a week or two with, "I've got seven men and women saved, and I've brought them here to give their testimonies!"

These were so convincing that he was given an appointment. Somebody threw a stone at him the first night. He chased the somebody, prayed with him, and got him crying to God for mercy. At his last corps he had more than two hundred converts, and sent twenty out as soul-winners.

WEDNESDAY.

"In that day there shall be a fountain opened in the House of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness."—Zech. xiii. 1.

The blessed doctrine of the atonement runs like a golden thread through the whole of our religion. It unites the several parts of it in a sweet harmony and sheds a lustre over them all. It is also a solid foundation on which the greatest sinners who build upon it may hope for their acceptance with God when they return to Him. It is a sufficient ground for their firm trust in Christ as a Saviour, and a reviving cordial against sinking in despair.

THURSDAY.

"And as He reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled, and answered, Go thy way for this time: when I have a more convenient season I will call for thee."—ACTS xxiv. 25.

Fran Brandlin walked a long distance to be present at a meeting in Zurich one Sunday afternoon. While the meeting proceeded she was convicted of sin. The devil tried his best to persuade her to put it off, and there was a fierce conflict in her soul. At last she decided for God and was gloriously saved.

At the close of the meeting she and her sister started home, and while passing an unprotected spot of the river her foot slipped, she fell in and was drowned, her sister being unable to render her any assistance.

How terrible would have been the result had she not that afternoon yielded to the Spirit and accepted salvation!

FRIDAY.

"Lord, hear my voice; let Thine ear be attentive to the voice of my supplications."—PS. cxlxx. 1.

I have been visiting for some time, writes a true Christian, a young woman who had been almost entirely paralysed. Her patience, courage, and resignation are wonderful. If ever a saint and an angel are combined in the form of a very good-looking young woman, here is that combination. Her husband is a Sergeant in the Army, and what she feels most is not being able to do the work of her house. After being away for some time, I went to see the invalid on my return, and found her in especially good spirits because she had so far recovered the use of her limbs that she could move about and do a little household work upon her knees. It is upon their knees, so to speak, that every man and every woman should do their work. Fra Angelico used to paint his pictures upon his knees, so that his art might be pure and controlled by the highest motives. This is the spirit in which all work should be done. What a rebuke, too, is the young woman trying to do a little work upon her knees to those who, though enjoying excellent health and strength, do nothing!

SATURDAY.

"Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful."—LUKE vi. 36.

A gentleman was one day relating to a Quaker a tale of deep distress and concluded very pathetically by saying: "I could not but feel for him."

"Verily, friend," replied the Quaker, "thou didst right in that thou didst feel for thy neighbor; but didst thou feel in thy pocket?"

Evolution of the Salvation Army.

CANADA.—(Concluded.)

PRESENT STANDING.

We have already seen the marked advance of the Army during the first ten years, and have made various comparisons, especially with regard to the Men and Women's Social Wing. We will now come up to what is ordinarily termed "the spiritual side of affairs." We will see whether that has been as remarkable in its progress as other departments. Without hesitation we may say that the following up-to-date figures for the Territory will be most gratifying.

There are at present one thousand and twelve officers and employees whose time is altogether given up to the work.

Fifty-four Districts.

Three hundred and thirteen corps, besides thirteen Circle Corps; forty-nine Brigades and

one hundred and fifty-three outposts. Compare these figures with those given in a previous issue of our standing ten years ago. "Remarkable!" you exclaim.

In every step it can be readily seen that God's guiding hand has been with us, for oftentimes during these long years, as an Army, we have been seriously misunderstood. In the teeth of many adverse influences we have floated buoyantly over the difficulties that threatened to throttle our vital spark of life and hope. There is at present, throughout the whole Territory, a delightful spirit of sympathy and unity.

Past years of conflict have taught us to comfort one another, and at present "Brotherly kindness" is the password, resulting in a blessed blending of heart and spirit, like a great organ whose pipes and manuals—perfectly adjusted to one another—yield a perfect harmony to the touch of the master player. Our present Commissioner, Miss Evangeline Booth, has a control of the forces under her command, and the public in general, that could not well be excelled. The all-round progress made during the time she has had charge of this Territory has been phenomenal.

The Territory, as it stands at the present time, extends over a distance of nearly five thousand miles, and you can add a couple of thousand more if you take into consideration our work in Alaska and the Yukon. It embraces the Provinces of Canada, the North-West Territories, the Western States of Washington, Montana, and North Dakota, the Colony of Newfoundland, the Bermudas, and the Yukon.

MUSIC OF THE ARMY.

Then music has been a powerful factor. Our songs have been sent sweeping, irresistible in their might, through the length and breadth of the Territory, bearing thousands of souls to heaven on the wings of melody. What is true of Canada applies to other lands. It is everywhere admitted that the sweetest songs are always those inspired in the midst of unusual stress of feeling, or in the hour of suffering, and while our Commissioner has borne upon her shoulders the immense responsibility of the work, and oftentimes has had to battle with extreme weakness, she has found time to compose some inspiring songs, as will readily be admitted. Music plays no small part in the Army's efforts to win the lost to Christ.

THE FUTURE.

The Canadian wing of the Army has just had a visit from its General, who has conducted meetings that have never been before equalled. The marked progress made since his last tour through the Territory was a matter which brought no small consolation to his heart.

Just think of it, in this Territory alone, at the present time, an average of 412 people find salvation at our penitential forms every week, and there is a weekly attendance at our indoor meetings of over 125,000!

What the future holds out to Canada we are unable to say, but never was the sky so clear of mistrust or ill-feeling, and never were our opportunities so many as at present.

Hope On!

Have we not all amid life's petty strife
Some pure ideal of a noble life
That once seemed possible?

We have, and yet

We lost it in the daily jar and fret,
And now live idly in a vain regret;
But still our place is kept, and it will wait
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.

No star is ever lost we once have seen.

We always may be what we might have been
—Selected.

Men are not lost because they are sinners,
but because they will not believe.

FOR CANDIDATES.

*I often regret the terrible lack
Of men who will force the pace;
The class that will strive and struggle ahead,
And win in the heavenly race.
For numbers are willing to follow the lead,
If someone will pave the way,
But victory comes slowly, because of the lack
Of front-rank people to-day.*

*Don't stand for back with the timid crowd,
Who shrink from the battle's brunt;
But rush with the spirit of war in your soul,
There's plenty of room at the front.*

*Why is it that sin can always obtain
Its legion of devotees,
Who recklessly race their objects to gain
Unthinking of health or ease?
And yet when our Royal Commander appeals
For Captains to lead His hosts,
His cowardly followers take to their heels,
Or bid for easier posts.*

*The troops in the van will, earliest see
The floss of the faemion's steel;
But theirs the delight of conquest will be,
And they will the glory feel.
The people most needed by God and the war
Are men of a dare-devil brand,
Who care not a toss for the enemy's fire,
A recklessly desperate band.*

WONDERS WITH A MEANING.

"Sought out many inventions."

"Sought out many inventions." Exactly. Not made or invented them, but sought to understand the mechanical devices already existent in nature. For this means that the universe is full of machines for man to search out and use. A hen hoes, a fish oars and propels, a mosquito pumps, etc. It brought great fame to Galileo to discover that the weight of the air sent the water up the vacated tube of his pump, but every creature, except the hen kind, which has ever put its mouth down to drink, has done the same thing from the creation on. Indeed, man has a force-pump in his own heart, working unweariedly its five thousand strokes an hour, and he did not even know it.

Animals worked their wireless telegraphy long before man conceived the idea, much less materialized it. Man is himself full of pulleys, levers, and lenses. So the eyes work both telescopically and microscopically. Man has to have two machines for these purposes. We work at our forms of ships and the fins of our yachts. The models are all in the sea. The whole earth is a graven monument of erosion, but only after thousands of years do we use the restless might of hydraulics for mining.

If a man wants to do anything, let him ask how it is done in nature. There is more thought, contrivance, and success, than we have yet sought out. What are our colors to roses and rainbows, our mallet-beats for sculpture to the daily score of thousands of wave-beats on the sculptured cliffs? The bird has the knack of oaring himself through the air. We work wrongly at the idea of power as the fundamental thing, and drop to death in the attempt, while the bird, having the knack, outflies the engine in swiftness, and sleeps aloft in safety.

Everywhere everything doing transcends our thinking. Whether atom or orb, the one finished with infinite perfection, or the other handled as easily as a bubble, is beyond our perfect seeking out.

The world and the starry skies above us are one great kindergarten for the growth of the mind. And whatever discoveries man may seek out in the long millenniums to come, they will still be but children in the presence of the unsolvable problems of the universe. The question of the habitability of the stars, or their attendant worlds, is of no consequence. The Father would make all these worlds with their various infinities, or a million more, and uphold them all by the word of His power, for the mental enlargement of His children. He useth them to show forth Himself. In the *minima* He says, "Go to the ant; . . . consider her

ways, and be wise." And in the *maxima*, ever since the time of Abraham, God has been saying to every one, "Life up your eyes on high, and behold who has created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: He calleth them by names." "O Jehovah, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches."

Since men have been intently and reverently studying nature, they have advanced much more rapidly than when they studied metaphysics. The systems that men have "evolved out of their own consciousness" are not comparable to those evolved out of God's. Job knew the value of this natural kindergarten. "Ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee; or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee; and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee."

All our science is the mere A B C of the science that already is in nature. The whole alphabet, dictionary, and literature which the pupils of wisdom are to study for their profit and growth, are packed in the strata of the earth like leaves in a book; they bloom in the flowers, and flame in the infinite map of the starry sky. —Bishop H. W. Warren, in *Sunday School Times*.

The Power of the Holy Ghost.

I had been a bit discouraged, for souls were slow in coming to the cross.

"Three gentlemen have come to see you," said the servant.

"Where are they?" I asked.

"In the coffee walk," she replied.

When I went I found one whom I at once knew as Christ. There were two others whom He introduced to me as Saint Paul and Stephen. A black man was standing a little way off. "That is Moses," said the Saviour, "and he is praying for you."

"We have come to strengthen you," He continued, "but not to carry you away. I have borne many thorns for you, will you bear one for Me?"

I told Him I would, and then He held out one several inches long, saying, "Lean on this." As I attempted to do so it pained me, but the pain was followed by such a thrill of joy that I find it impossible to describe. Then Paul came forward. He had a nest of white eggs, one of which he presented to me.

"Hold it carefully, for it is the power of the Holy Ghost. Many have offered money for one of these," he said, "but money cannot purchase it. Hold it carefully, for it is easily broken. Be careful that nobody snatches it out of your hands."

He had hardly finished speaking when I found myself alone on the platform of the Blue-fields barracks. But the egg was still in my hand, and, having it, I knew that I had the power of the Holy Ghost.

"What is that in your hand?" cried two or three comrades and friends who came in. "Give us some!" "Let us see!" But I held the egg safely and avoided them and their romping. Then I awoke, and found it was a dream or a vision.

That night in the meeting I really felt that I had the power of the Holy Ghost while I pleaded with sinners to give up their sins. Several yielded themselves up to the Lord at the penitent form, and found peace in believing, so that the vision was a real one, for it brought a real blessing with it.—Mrs. Adj. Phillips.

Lack of Tact.

The best-intentioned act, the sweetest charity, may be marred by a lack of tact. A lady was distributing tracts to the patients in a certain military hospital, when she was greatly shocked to hear a soldier laughing at her. She turned around indignantly to reprove him, when he said:

"Why, look here, madam, you have given me a tract on the sin of dancing, when I've both legs shot off."

High pressure in society is apt to go with low pressure in piety.

REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD BE A CANDIDATE.

1. Because God calls you.

How are you to be sure that He does? John Wesley used to say that if God used anyone in the salvation of souls, it is a call to leave all secular work and become a soul-winner. The General says that God's call generally depends upon your willingness to receive it. If you are really willing God will call you soon enough, for are not the fields white to the harvest, and the laborers few?

2. Because God has laid upon your heart the salvation of other men.

You, by your own experience, probably have had a glimpse of the hell that awaits the ungodly. God has opened your eyes so that you see it as few see it. Moreover, you know what it is to travail in birth of souls. You see how they may be won. Then are you going to put your light under a bushel? Are you going to bury your talents?

3. Because while blessing others you shall be blessed.

"There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." You shall be privileged to be in the thick of the fight at times. The "Army spirit," the spirit of the war, shall be yours, and blessings that outsiders are strangers to.

4. Because you shall be a soul-winner.

The Bible tells us that "he that winneth souls is wise." Those who have, by the power of God, won souls, know the real joy that is experienced when one feels that he has been used by God in the conversion of a sinner. This joy can be multiplied a hundred-fold in you.

5. Because life is short.

"Life is short, 'twill soon be past:
Only what's done for God will last."

It will make all the difference, fifty years from now, whether you become a soul-winner, or choose some selfish, self-seeking vocation that will only hamper you in your spiritual progress, and perhaps damn your soul eternally.

6. Because God loves you.

He might have left you in the haunts of sin, and you may have been in hell to-day, but for His love and mercy. Does not His love beget love in your bosom? Can there be a better opportunity to show it?

7. Because you will be obeying God's command.

"Go ye into all the world. . . . All power shall be given you." Was it only Matthew and the other disciples that God wanted to leave all and follow Him? Does the need no longer exist? Are not the crowds still drifting to hell?

8. Because you will please God.

He has been wearied by people who draw near to Him with their lips, but whose hearts are far from Him; who sing, "Care for the dying," but would not lift their little finger to save a soul, and will hinder those who do. Who shut up the Kingdom of Heaven against men, and will not go in themselves, nor suffer those who are entering to go in. We have not so learned Christ, and according to our light we shall be judged.

9. Some other reasons are—

Because if you've put your hand to the Gospel plough (that is, helped in soul-saving), and have looked back, you are unworthy of eternal life on your own showing.

Because Christ has promised that if you leave houses, or lands, or relatives, for His sake and the Gospel's, you shall be rewarded both in this life and in the life to come.

Because Christ says if you "hate not" your father and mother, when they would keep you back, you cannot be His disciple.

Because God has a plan for your life, and will never be satisfied with you, or say "Well done!" to you, unless you fulfil that plan.

Because there is no body of Christians who will lead you, and teach you, to be soul-winners as the Salvation Army will, nor any that depends less on head-knowledge, and more upon the heart-knowledge that is obtained at the foot of the cross.

Settle the matter at once by writing to your Provincial Officer.

The War Cry.

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All manuscript to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.

Copies of the Times.

By the Commissioner.

Lieut.-Col. Mrs. Read.

With the incoming of the New Year I am compelled, with heavy reluctance, to make known the enforced change in Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read's appointment. This event has long been a dreaded prospect, but the fitful changes in Mrs. Read's health, my personal concern at her relinquishment of reins which she had long held so well, and her own heroic spirit to keep at the front so long as she could stand there, have prevented its earlier announcement. For a long time the Lieut.-Colonel has struggled on against exceptional physical weakness, with a bravery to which those who know her best testify first. Again and again unexpected relapses have thrown her, and again and again has she staggered up once more to meet the needs of work which she not only carried daily upon her mind, but which, I know, she bore upon her heart. But the unsparing service given in heavy journeyings and extensive toils has made severe inroads upon her strength, which has so long been spent for the interests of the flag, and the many sicknesses and dark sorrows which have come into Mrs. Read's own life, have all combined to pull down her physical powers. Now we are grieved to find that the Lieut.-Colonel's nerves are in so shattered a condition, and her health so undermined, that it would be both unwise and impracticable for her to longer maintain the arduous responsibilities which she has held as Secretary for the Women's Social, the position which she has filled so ably and devotedly for the past seven years. During these seven years this branch of our work has grown into a work of widespread prosperity, whose results are the admiration of a sympathizing public. In every city of any size this work is now represented by a more or less spacious institution, which, in the majority of cases, is subsidized by the government or municipality. The exceptionally large percentage of satisfactory cases of the four thousand girls who have passed through our Homes during this period is an eloquent statistic that needs no comment save that of commendation. The League of Mercy, which has sprung from a handful of devoted hearts to an organized band represented in many cities and towns, who are the angel visitants of sixty hospitals, jails, and poor-houses, is a fruitful plant, destined to bring forth yet more abundant flowers of eternal blooming. Naturally Mrs. Read's regret at having to relinquish this work which she has not only served, but loved, is very great, but I am happy to be able to state that the condition of her health will permit of my committing to her superintendence the care and canvassing our Auxiliary friends outside the city. Here she will find a field for which her abilities specially fit her, and in which, I feel, I may bespeak for her the prayers and co-operation of all old comrades.

New Women's Social Secretary.

In announcing Mrs. Brigadier Southall as the incoming Secretary for our Women's Social I have no hesitancy in guaranteeing her not only the sympathy of the Territory, but the heartiest greetings of all officers engaged in the work to which I have now specially appointed her. All those who know anything of the compassionate nature of Mrs. Southall, and of her capacity to both direct and assist, will welcome her to her new responsibilities. Her now-sainted mother was one of our most successful Rescue Officers, and her passing to the heavenly world from one of our Homes has been a link between Mrs. Southall's heart and this particular branch of the work—a link which will be endeared and strengthened by her forth-coming duties. The varied abilities of her husband will also be to Mrs. Southall of immense assistance in the development and progress of the Women's Social, and I do not know but what we ought to enrol the Brigadier as a kind of honorary officer of his wife's department in return for the persistent and valuable service which both her personal gifts and devotion to the Flag have enabled us to render him in his past appointments.

I am confident that 1903 will see some big happenings in the Women's Social. Major Stewart, who for many years has so ably and untiringly assisted Lieut.-Colonel Read, and largely carried on the work of the office during the latter's illness, will continue in her appointment as Chief Assistant to Mrs. Brigadier Southall, for which position she is eminently qualified.

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The Christmas Feasts.

Throughout all the ages Christmas has been essentially a time of feasting, and men have strangely commemorated the coming of God's best gift by the extravagant use and abuse of a great many other gifts. More fitting in these memoria's than these carousals are the feastings of our Christmas, and richer treasures than the gold and frankincense of the Magi we lay at the feet of our Lord when we gather the outcasts, feed the hungry, and throw a light around the shadows. This knowledge would have been sufficient recompense for all the toil, and every instant of the time, devoted to our Christmas efforts for the poor, but what additional blessing has been theirs whose privilege it has been to see the care-worn face lighten as the Christmas basket was carried in, or watched the pinched child-features glow with inexpressible delight at the warmth, and light, and good-cheer of the great Christmas dinner. It meant a great deal to feed those two thousand five hundred in Toronto alone, and the Lord did not perform a miracle and thus exclude our hands from having a part in the helping and the blessing. It meant a lot of pushing and planning in my own department, many late hours in the despatch of the various appeals from various secretarial fingers, and an immense amount of final arranging and preparing, in which at least one all-night was involved for some; but there, when it comes to carry out my schemes for the sad and the needy, I can depend upon the Territorial Staff to a man, and what in my opinion is equally as good, to a woman. To all my dear officers who have contributed to its success I would assure my true appreciation. May the blessing of Him to whom the poor was so dear, and who has put their needs into my heart, and I believe into yours, be your reward.

The Sunset of the Year.

Evening's rosy flush or cloud-hung sun is generally considered safe foreshadow of the coming day, and so all sunsets have their significance upon the future. The year was dying, and what mingled recollections swept over our hearts as on our knees we watched it go. Its joys and sorrows, its opportunities and victories—how transient, and yet far-reaching, in their influence, they now all seemed. How precious now appeared each chance of making earth happier and heaven richer, and what revelations of better redeeming of time pressed heavily upon us, and what unspeakable realization of the tender and unfailing mercy which had not left us for an hour. But whatever the year had been, it was a hallowed close, for in the Watch-night service heaven's windows opened and out-poured blessings upon us all—blessings upon the gallery, blessings upon the ground floor, blessings upon the platform, blessings upon my brave and beautiful officers, blessings upon my beloved Temple soldiers, blessings upon the sinner and backslider, dear to us all, and blessings upon my own heart—holy, helping, saving blessings that took hold of our souls, and made them glow with love towards God and man; that took hold of our spirits, robbing them of all the spite and making them only kind; that took hold of our hearts, washing away the last shadow in redeeming grace; that took hold of our lives, and placed them once and for all absolutely at the disposal of a dying world. Then the penitent form was filed, and re-filled, and then filled again, and everybody caught fire, and heaven smiled, and wonder, love, and praise rang out in the Army's doxology. It was a golden, glorious sunset for the year, and all over the Territory news reached me of equal midnight out-pourings. Now for the new day of opportunity—as sunset gives the promise of the morn, shall not these splendid victories set the pace for the dawn of 1903 warfare? The realization of its prospects lies at the feet of our persistence, our prayers, and our faith.

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The Chief Secretary.

At 11 p.m., last Saturday night, Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs steamed out of the Union Station en route for their coming western trip. They left in excellent spirits, with splendid prospects ahead, and followed by the believing hearts of us all. Territorial Headquarters will miss the Chief Secretary much—miss his hurrying step along the hallway, his fervent voice in the kneed-rill, his cheering word and wise counsel; in fact, miss his whole presence and influence among us, as it keeps on, and drives on, and works on with that tireless energy which ever speaks the Chief Secretary's unspoken motto of—"To-morrow will not do." Personally I can not fail but feel the lack of his strong assistance on my right hand and ever-ready ability to share the burden and stand to my side on the bridge. But we spare him gladly for the sake of the western cities which need him, and the western people who want him, and because of the refreshment and recuperation which the change may bring to the Chief Secretary's own physical strength. Journeying mercies for his long travel, and heavenly out-pourings for his many public engagements, and divine wisdom for the many intricate discussions of the war with which he may have to deal—all these, and more, we claim for the Chief Secretary, and send it after him with a faith that will follow without tiring till his return.

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The General in the Golden West.

SUNSHINE AND SALVATION—TREMENDOUS RECEPTION IN SAN FRANCISCO—
TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINE SOULS AT THE MERCY SEAT.

BY COLONEL HIGGINS.

Before the ferry, which was conveying the General from the Oakland terminus to San Francisco, had touched her berth, we could catch the martial strains of music mingled with snatches of song and thrilling cheers, bearing ample evidence of the storm of enthusiastic welcome which awaited our leader in the Golden State.

IT WAS A BIG SHOUT

that came from thousands of throats the moment the General's tall, military figure was seen coming through the gates—a shout that must have left its mark upon some of those who helped to swell its rolling roar, and when the General mounted the improvised platform and waved his hat in recognition of the warmth of that unanimous greeting, enthusiasm could be bound no longer.

After persistent efforts to gain a measure of silence had met with some success, the Mayor of San Francisco, Hon. Eugene Schmitz, came forward, and grasping the General's hand welcomed him officially and in behalf of the citizens of San Francisco to their city. He referred to early days, when the Army was misunderstood, and contrasted it with the present occasion, when the whole community waited to give welcome to the one of whom he spoke as "among the greatest benefactors of the age."

The General then stepped to the front, but to get a hearing, for some consecutive minutes, was simply an impossibility—deafening cheers, with cornet and drum accompaniment, created such a tremendous chorus of welcome as we venture to think the General could not have often heard surpassed.

THE GENERAL SPEAKS.

The General, in modest and touching language, gathered the laurels of the people's love and gratitude, and laid them at his Master's feet. He reminded them that anything and everything achieved through the influences of his life had not been accomplished by the power of wealth, or of learning, or of mere human talent, but that it had rather been wrought by an unswerving consecration to the same purpose which brought the Saviour to die for sinful and sorrowing men. That God had fitted him for his task he could not doubt, that God had strengthened his heart in times of discouragement he fully acknowledged, that his opportunity had been wide there could be no question; but these facts only increased his responsibility, and the main cause for rejoicing was that his eye had been kept steadfastly upon the goal since the time of his first surternder, and that by the grace that is sufficient he had conquered.

Prayer was offered, and then the bands played and the great crowd moved reluctantly away as we threw after them the reminder of the coming great gatherings upon which we were looking for an unparalleled out-pouring of the Spirit of God.

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The Soldiers' Meeting.

EIGHT HUNDRED IN COUNCIL WITH THEIR GENERAL.

That was certainly a splendid crowd of Salvationists who filled the Association Hall to overflowing on Saturday, and their hearty greeting and loyal welcome evidenced afresh that spirit of unity, determination, and energy, which has made the Army all over the world the irresistible power it has become.

The General was pleased; he could hardly fail to remember former visits, and beautiful and blessed as they were, his keen perception discerned at once not only the fact that the Army had held its own, but that

MARKED PROGRESS HAD BEEN MADE.

It was the largest soldiers' meeting the General had ever had on the Coast,

But the General is practical above all else, and, therefore, reasonable as the gratification would have been to indulge in expressions of congratulation and satisfaction, it is quickly brushed aside in the face of the opportunity to get accomplished in the hearts of these precious warriors a deeper and grander work of grace, and above all to quicken into life again those who, amidst the strife of the conflict, had yielded to temptation and laid down the sword.

And whilst the General tells of the privileges of Salvationists, the open door of limitless usefulness before them, the possibilities of a holy life, the needs of the dying world, every word is listened to with that eagerness which bespeaks intelligent comprehension, and when finally the General opens the pool for seekers after holiness, and for the home-coming of backsliders, it quickly fills with a body of men and women whose deed of consecration will, if we mistake not, have attached to it long records of glorious victory.

We sang, and prayed, and believed until

FORTY AT THE MERCY SEAT

were claiming the utmost salvation of God, and everybody went away with keener anticipation and a sevenfold faith for the campaign of the following days.

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Oakland's Sunday.

Oakland is famous amongst Salvationists as the birthplace of the Army on the Pacific Coast. Here it was, years ago, that the blood-and-fire flag was first unfurled. Here it faced its early-day misrepresentations and prejudice; here it fought the fight with a spirit that would not have been discreditable to the apostles, and here it has built up a corps second to none in the whole Province. True, it has had its ups and downs, first holding its meetings in this small place, and then forced into another no more suitable, but at length the Oakland corps is beautifully housed in a fine new citadel, opened but a few weeks before the General's arrival in the city.

The McDonough Theatre had been secured for the General's meetings, with a seating capacity of about 2,000, which, unfortunately, proved altogether inadequate for the crowds pressing to see and hear the man whose name all over the world has become one of household fame.

It is 11 o'clock, and right on the tick the General enters the theatre, to find an audience which filled the parquet and dress circle, which, judging from appearance, was certainly a fine, intelligent, and thoughtful crowd.

The General is somewhat weary, and his voice is a little affected. We are anxious for him, and in tender unction the Consul lifts the needs of the day's battle to the Throne.

Immediately afterwards he is on his feet, and the passion which sways his heart and life very quickly consume his very being, and he enters into the business of the meeting with the same fire and enthusiasm as have characterized his every address.

The evils of worldliness—the dangers of a mere profession without a possession of God's Spirit—together with the sins of cowardice, lukewarmness, and selfishness, too often regarded as infirmities which cannot be avoided, were faithfully dwelt upon. Surely there seemed a message for every saint as well as for every sinner in the place. Oh, how faithfully the General dealt with our responsibilities as followers of Him who gave His life for others.

It was a mighty call to arms, it was a wonderful laying bare of the possibilities of grace, it was a thrilling revelation of our responsibilities, and a great crowd responded with tears and heart-contrition, knelt at the Saviour's feet to start new lives by the power of that Spirit which makes us new creatures in Christ Jesus.

A Never-to-be-Forgotten Afternoon.

What a sea of faces! Reaching right from the ceiling down the long tiered balconies to the rising floors which gradually descended to the base of the stage, was one unbroken mass of humanity.

The General was once more marvelously sustained. He stood as a prophet between the living and the dead. His denunciations of sin were terrible. His delivery of God's truth faithful and convincing, while his appeals to the heart were well nigh irresistible.

Addressing those present who had once basked in the light of God's favor, but who had wandered from the fold, the General exclaimed:

"Oh, you backsliders, you backsliders! You may say: 'Nobody knows about it but Jesus and myself. I've deserted the cause, I've forsaken the cross, I've sacrificed the things that are eternal for the temporal, passing things of time, and in the loneliness of my own heart's chamber I realize I have lost all; I am without God and without hope!'"

And then a little later, with unutterable longing in his tone, the General cried:

"I tell you there is hope for you, I tell you help is laid for you upon One that is mighty, I tell you Jesus is on your track, and although He points to the path that is strewn with thorns, He will go before you, He will walk beside you, and His presence and consolation and reward shall infinitely compensate the cross that you are called to carry."

Then the General reminded his audience of how many had done it, many just as weak, just as tryingly-circumstanced, just as much confronted by opposition and discouragement as any in that great crowd might be.

"Look at Paul," he added. "He was learned, high-born, highly-positioned, with brilliant prospects, and a great reputation; but he looked upon the Nazarene, he knew it meant hunger and thirst and poverty and loneliness and persecution, and probably an agonizing death, but

HE FELL IN LOVE WITH HIM.

knelt at His feet crying, 'Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?'—in other words saying, 'I am Thy slave, command me and I follow.'

And that very afternoon a great number did follow—twenty-two to the mercy seat—but a larger number, we are assured, would yield to the strivings of God's Spirit in their hearts and consciences, and would turn to find the rest and peace and joy unspeakable, which are the accompanying rewards of those who choose the cross and follow Christ.

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"What of the Night?"

Again the crowd gathered, again our expectations were exceeded, and as always on a Sunday night, as distinct in measure perhaps from other meetings of the day, there prevailed a sense of steady settling down, and we realized that the greatest battle of the three was about to be fought.

Sunday night has always constituted in the religious upheavals of the world's experience the best opportunity. Perhaps it is the significance of the closing of time's day and of the approach of the eternal morn. However that may be, the Sunday night during this continental campaign has been no exception. The General's heart-wrestlings with God and man have yielded the richest harvests, while the darkness without has walled us in, helping to shut away from the memory and mind the tinnings of the busy day.

It was a great song with which we started the meeting. The chorus was lifted in the balconies, taken up by the crowd in the top gallery, and repeated again and again as by a very sea of voices.

The Consul then presented the needs of the people to heaven, pleading that God should once more say, "Let there be light," and that before that revelation the darkness of sin and condemnation might flee away.

Colonel Lawley sang, "Hark! hear the Saviour knocking," until it seemed we could catch the echo of that beautiful uplifted hand at the

(Continued on page 13.)

Poor Children's New Year's Dinner

Miss Booth Provides Dinner and Christmas Tree for Over Five Hundred of the Poorest Children.

"Mister, is that Miss Booth?" asked a little fellow who had just eaten a large dinner of roast turkey and plum-pudding, and now turned around on his seat to watch the entertainment on the platform.

The Commissioner had been busily engaged going in and out among the children, seeing, in a general way, that all were well cared for, and had just taken her seat. The boy's eyes had followed her movements, and as she was now brought into near view his face gave expression to a feeling of deepest gratitude.

When the writer, therefore answered his question in the affirmative, he was in an ecstasy of delight, and turning to three or four of his chums said, with a significant nod, "I told you so!"

The children's Christmas dinner was all that could be desired. Over five hundred of the poorest children that could be found in the city of Toronto sat down to well-spread tables and ate for once to their heart's content, while the Staff Band played sweet strains of music.

After dinner they were entertained for upwards of an hour and a half by the Temple Juniors, under the direction of Adj. Barr, Ensign A. Morris, and Capt. Peacock.

Then the great climax came. The curtain was once more rolled up and revealed a huge pile of Christmas parcels. According to number, the children began to file past the Commissioner, who handed each child a present. The scene beggars description. Here could be seen a poor mother with a babe in her arms, and two or three more children tugging at her skirts. It was a difficult job for her to make headway with such a charge, but when four huge parcels were added to her burdens, it seemed all she and her children could do was to stare in grateful bewilderment at the Commissioner. But there were quite a few to lend a helping hand. Ensign Arnold stood right nobly by the Commissioner, and kept the presents coming in proper order, while Staff-Capt. F. Morris did duty as elevator, first catching up one child, and then another, and placing them in a position to receive the gifts. The Cadets and others were busily engaged keeping the long procession of children in proper order, while the Chief Secretary lent his services by generally marshalling the army of workers.

A large crowd of friends had found their way into the gallery and feasted their eyes on the pleasing sight below. From that position also Staff-Capt. H. Morris, during the whole of the proceedings, threw colored lights on the platform. Here and there could be seen a reporter with pencil in hand, in an animated conversation with some Army celebrity, and one in his admiration, expressed himself thus: "Well, this is really a sight worth seeing!" We thought so, too.

The Commissioner did not leave the platform until she had handed out the last present, and the manner in which the whole affair came off was a credit to all who helped with the Christmas treat, and another tribute to the kindly thought of the Commissioner, whose ever-sympathetic heart claims for her not only the affection of the thousands of Salvationists under her command, but of those outside the ranks, especially the poor, who have reaped again and again, as the seasons have come round, the fruits of her kindly thoughtfulness.—Pry.

Peace with God Through the Blood.

"Having made peace by the blood of His cross."—Col. i. 20.

The one who believes from his or her heart, that Christ has made peace by His blood, enjoys peace.

Settled and lasting peace never comes from our own feelings, for they are ever changeable, like the wind that blows.

How blessed it is, through all changes, Christ

Himself is our peace, and His blood ever avails on behalf of all who plead and trust in it.

"Made nigh by the blood."—Eph. ii. 13. By the virtue of the blood the banished one is brought back, the prodigal son restored, the rebel made a friend, and the far-off brought nigh.

Only eternity alone will tell how fully the position and nearness into which the blood of Jesus brings the believing sinner. But even now we are taught much concerning present blessings of those who are "in Christ."

Dear reader, if you are a prodigal, away from Father's house, the only way back is through the blood of Jesus.—Capt. L. G. Pynn.

Brigadier and Mrs. Southall.

FAREWELL TO WINNIPEG.

Our Provincial officers, who have been with us for over three years, had received farewell orders, and accordingly their farewell meetings were announced for Sunday, Dec. 28th. We all looked forward to a real profitable and inspiring time, and we were not disappointed. The Brigadier was in excellent trim, and in a whole-hearted manner worked to be a blessing to all.

In the holiness meeting a cloud was hanging over us, owing to the death of Lieut. Tillie



Ensign Wood and Lieut. Snow, Reserve Officers.

Forsberg. Her brother, Capt. H. Forsberg, who was accompanying the remains from Medicine Hat, N.W.T., to Jamestown, N.D., was with us. Lieut. Forsberg had been stationed at Winnipeg for some time, and had only farewelled three months ago. She had in every way proved herself truly devoted to the cause of God, and she was beloved by all. God had called her home, and so the Brigadier spoke of her triumphant death, and naturally we did mourn, but not as those without hope, for we have every assurance that "all is well." Our prayers and sympathy follow Capt. Forsberg in this sad time of bereavement.

The Brigadier spoke from Gal. v. 1. We will never forget his words of advice in that meeting, and before leaving it we renewed our consecration with a determination to "stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free."

The afternoon meeting was preceded by a rousing open-air. The snow was falling fast, yet the people listened attentively for some time. We marched to the citadel, where a very interesting meeting was held. The Brigadier spoke briefly of his term in the North-West Province. He also referred to his early experience, which was very interesting. Ensign Smith, the Cashier, then led the testimony meeting, which finished up with Brigadier calling upon Lieut. Bristow to give his testimony, but before he had time to do so the Brigadier announced that in future he would be known as Capt. Bristow. By the applause that followed, everybody was

delighted with the promotion, and apparently it was such a great surprise to the Captain that he could scarcely give his testimony. Then followed the dedication of William Bramwell Cromarty, by Brigadier Southall. Capt. Cromarty said that nothing would give him greater pleasure and satisfaction than to know that his child should become an S. A. officer. Mrs. Cromarty, in giving her testimony, said she would strive to so live before her children that she could say to them, "Follow me." The Brigadier gave all the parents present some real practical advice as to the training of children. Mrs. Southall read the lesson from Prov. ii. 1-5, and made a special appeal to the young people to give their all to God.

At 7 p.m. the citadel was packed. Testimonies were given by Ensign Southall and Adj. Kerr. The Brigadier spoke of heaven, reading from Rev. xxi. 21-27. Mrs. Southall went into the prayer meeting, in which all took hold of God on behalf of the sinners. Although there were no visible results, yet we believe that many were convicted, and we will continue to pray that soon they will give their hearts to God.

On Monday evening the soldiers of the Winnipeg corps gave a farewell tea to Brigadier and Mrs. Southall, which, by the way, was a beautiful spread. After everyone had done justice to the things provided, Adj. Wakefield, for the officers; Capt. Cromarty, for the soldiers, and Sergt-Major Andrews, for the J. S. and B. of L., were called upon to speak, which they did in a very creditable manner, and from what they said, we are assured that Brigadier and Mrs. Southall leave the North-West with the best wishes and earnest prayers of all, and also with the assurance that their term has been a profitable one in every way, and that they have been a great blessing to all.

Brigadier and Mrs. Southall then spoke to us, and as we listened to them we could hardly realize it was for the last time, and yet it must be so. We will miss them, but we will never forget them, nor the many rich seasons we have had together, and we will never cease to pray for their success in the future, no matter where they may be. May God bless and prosper Brigadier and Mrs. Southall and family, prays the officers and soldiers of the N.-W. P.—Heck.

TEN YEARS A DRUNKARD.

A TROPHY OF GRACE.

Before he got salvation a few weeks ago, at the Salvation Army penitent form, Jack McDonald was counted one of the toughest in Reserve Mines.

Jack is a miner, and Cape Breton miners are often rather fond of a little fire-water. Twenty-five or thirty drinks were not out of the way for Jack, who, for ten years, was a drunkard, and for two years previous to his conversion was drunk every day. He has never been inside a church for five years, but spent his time on Sundays shooting and gambling. He would have run, and when he couldn't buy it he would steal it.

A short time ago Capt. Hudson and a number of Salvationists, from Dominion, came over to Reserve, and after a few meetings Jack gave his heart to God. He is fully purposed to follow God, and is getting a good influence in the corps.—G. Hudson.

Switzerland.

Another faithful and humble servant of the Lord, Lieut. Gross, of the Slum Staff, has left for the City of Pearly Gates. She was one of the first Army converts in the country.

The Self-Denial Week was a real success in Switzerland. In one Division over seven hundred francs were realized over the target. In another one it was still better, two thousand eight hundred francs having been realized over the proposed target.

The declaration of pardon through Christ belongs to the whole world, but those only who believe this declaration have peace with God through it.

Territorial Corps Bulletins.

BURNING TRUTHS.
Bridgetown.—We have had a visit from our J. S. Secretary, Staff-Capt. Turpin. His meeting was one of great power and blessing, his words were burning truths, and we had the joy of seeing two precious souls coming to God for mercy.—Peck's Bug Bay.

TWELVE WANDERERS RETURN.
 Canning.—Since Capt. B. Northburgh and Lieut. Whalen have taken charge, we have had the joy of seeing twelve wanderers return again to God. On the 16th we had a visit from Staff-Capt. Turpin, the J. S. Secretary, who is deeply interested in the children's work. On the 17th, Capt. McWilliams was with us, and we had a grand rally. One soul sought salvation.—S.M.

Cobourg.—Since our new officers arrived the meetings have been very good, and we have good crowds. We are preparing for a Christmas tree for two juniors, which is sure will be a success. The people of the town have been very kind to the officers. We are working unitedly in trying to bring men and women to Christ. The Lord has helped us wonderfully in the past, but we expect greater results in the future.—A. Hornbeek, R.O.

AN INFIDEL SEEKS CHRIST.

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Guilt.—Since coming to Guilt we have had some hard fighting. A number of our good, faithful comrades have moved to other

for God. We have a lot of discouragement to face, but God is for us, and He is all we need. During the past week we have had special meetings. Miss Loucks, the blind musician, is with us. Her subjects have been listened to with deep interest, and four souls were the result of our meetings yesterday. Glory to God, who gave us the victory.—Capts. Pickle and Cook.

AT THE FRENCH CORPS.

hear how it is prospering. She is glad to report victory. The meetings are well attended, especially on Sunday nights, and the order is good. Several souls have been saved lately, and the soldiers are taking their places as soldiers. We must expect that his conversion will extend to his relations with his family. Another conversion was made by a young soldier, in taking a deep interest in bombing the War Cry and the Vanguard. Friends and soldiers have rallied to the help of the Euwiga in furnishing the quarters, which are now quite comfortable. Brigadier Turner and Staff conducted a meeting with us recently. — A French Soldier.

THREE LADY SOULS.

Ottawa.—We have just been favored with a beautiful lantern service conducted by Capt. Riedinger. The service consisted of the singing of hymns, the reading of the word, and the review of the Salvation Army. The service was most impressive.

There was a large crowd present. Everyone was delighted with the views, and were sorry that the service did not last longer. The week-end meeting at the Salvation Army, and the views of the Salvation Army, were very hard on the views of the Salvation Army. Mrs. Adjt. Kendall was with us on Sunday solely assisting in the light. Adjt. Kendall arrived on Monday night, and was with us on Sunday night. Many were convicted of sin. We were greatly delighted to see Adjt. and Mrs. Kendall again. They are here for a few days' visit, when they will be returning to their home in the city. They are very much interested in the work of the Salvation Army, and they are very much interested in the work of the Salvation Army. They are very much interested in the work of the Salvation Army, and they are very much interested in the work of the Salvation Army.

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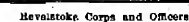
1. *Chlorophyll a* and *Chlorophyll b* were determined by the method of Arar and Collins (1971) using a Shimadzu 1010 UV-Visible Spectrophotometer.

THE FIRST ROOMER.

Samperside.—Travelers' Rest is a small village two miles from town, where Bro. and Sister Crossman live. Capt. Hamilton is to be placed in that place on Christmas Eve. He met no Gileottes on his way, but he met a number of soldiers very well pleased with the Christmas number. We found our brave Visiting Sergeant, Mrs. Mintz, in a sick woman's home awaiting the arrival of the doctor. One of the soldiers was very much misreading, and one of the first to put on the hallelujah bonnet. Her husband has the honor of being Sergt.-Major of this corps, and he is the first to be sent to the hospital at Camp Francis Island. On Tuesday night one man, who had been wandering from the camp at God, returned. On Christmas night he was at his post, and could join in the song the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest." The first soldier to be sent to the hospital was Lieut. Legge, who was sent to the hospital on Christmas night. An aged man testified and said he had been a good Methodist for over sixty years.—Little Denmark.

Trenton:—The Holy Ghost fire is falling and we are catching the blaze. On Sunday we had a meeting with four souls in the place. D. G. We had grand time with four souls in the fountain, one being an old man of seventy-two. He had a struggle, but got through, giving up tobacco and all sin, and in real earnestness. The next day we had a meeting in the hall, and a meeting on Friday night, and we had a blessed time. One soul came to Christ on Saturday night, and although it was very wet on Sunday, we had good meetings, and three more sought the kingdom of glory. The soldiers are getting on fire and everything is on the move. Holy Ghost power will conquer. Capt. and Mrs. Brimmon.

Vancouver.—Our prayers and labors are not in vain. Not only in the land of eternal bliss shall we receive reward, but even now we are blessed by seeing the lost and erring ones brought safely into the fold of God. We know that Jesus fully saves.—H. C. C.



(By Wire.—Too late for last issue.)

Amberst and Grace Bay visited by Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, Chandler and Troop. Tremendous crowds attended these inspiring meetings. Thirteen souls came forward. One hundred and ten dollars was the income. Both places were stirred and are prosing for a return visit. Prospects for balance of tour splendid. -Major Howell.

On Christmas Eve the Salvation Army made glad the hearts of a number of poor children and many a hard-working mother. Capt. and Mrs. Brown and some of the comrades collected about 1000 pounds of food and staff from the merchants and well-to-do residents of Missoula, and secured the name of all the poor children of the city. They were all invited to the barracks. When the crowd assembled at the hall a beautiful Christmas tree grew their faces, and dined down with Christmas toys and many articles of wearing apparel, which were distributed to the needy by Santa Claus, and the children had a jolly good time. — J. H. F., R.O.

Christmas time here in Spokane was a happy one to the hearts of many poor people. At our baranca 500 poor men sat down to dinner, and beside them with good food and our love were between fifty and sixty families. There was an abundance of meat and beef boiled ham, but on account of the high price of flour, we had to make the quality of the good stuff come up to the average of the past few years. It was decided to send the fowls to the families, and, needless to say, the same appreciated them very much. Belgrador Harraveto, in response to our letter, sent us a very good case of clothing, and we received letters from real needy cases; among the many sent, was one written by a child, saying that her father was ill and that she was very poor. We were glad to oblige her. We made a ready response, and thanked indeed they were from her quantity and quality sent.

Dinner for the men came here promptly at 11 a.m. and consisted of 2.45. Roast beef, boiled ham, mashed potatoes, peas, fruit, and coffee composed the bill of fare, and those who partook of the same expressed their gratitude for the kindness shown them. Mr. J. L. Lerder, Eugenia Cummings, and several of the sisters and brothers, kindly helped in the work, which was by no means light. We felt fully repaid when we, at the end of the day, realized how many hearts had been made glad.



The Herene House was not forgotten by any means as one door, generous-hearted soul sent turkeys, beef, and, in fact, all the ingredients for a Christmas dinner laden with suitable presents for the inmates, Staff-Capt. Jost taking particular care.

Our Juniors also had a Christmas tree on Christmas Eve, and they had full sway at that night, the Christmas being set aside for them. The staff were present, and the inmates' presence there was thoroughly appreciated by the large audience. Brigadier and Mrs. Margrave were in attendance, the latter giving very brief charge of the little ones, and although she is not very fond of the idea, she has been most helpful in the matter. Mr. Brownhead made an ideal Santa Claus (this I do not think you'd have done) and he assumed the role. We thank the staff for their assistance, and we hope that the inmates will respond to the appeal for funds, produce, etc., etc., R.C.

On arriving at Ingersoll on Saturday night, the Provincial Officers and J. S. Secretary were met by the notable Adjutant Walker, who piloted us to the field of battle, where war was commenced in real earnest. On account of the very wet night the open-air was small, but a nice crowd gathered inside, and the meeting was full of interest. The Bible reading and straightforward talk by the Brigadier aroused the conscience of poor, sleeping souls, and one young man came and threw himself on the mercy of God.

The afternoon and night meetings were well-attended, and the Lord. At 10.30 the J. S. Secretary met all the little folks and J. S. workers. There is a great chance for a blessed, non-saving time among the children. A nice crowd gathered for the holiness meeting, which was a real heart-searching time. Two souls sought full salvation.

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At night Cora-Cadence Lucy Horwood, Lydia Horwood, Gertie Chapman, Little Saunby, and Tom McMillan took part in the exercises. The song "I am a Soldier" by Cade and the words spoken by each soldier, and other songs, to the point, God, the Holy Ghost, was in our midst, hearts were touched, and many were made to feel their need of salvation. Adj. Orchard said his workers, is hammering away, the tide is rising, and victory is coming. Faith in God and sticking at it, will make No. 2 a good flourishing corps yet.—T. Coomba.

Blenheim.—It is the writer's painful duty to report the death of Mr. Charles H. Rumble, which took place on Dec. 28th 1902, at the residence of his mother, Mrs. Rumble, in this town. His illness he was frequently visited by Capt. Earnest and his brother Daniel, when he gave himself to God, leaving a bright testimony behind that he was going to be with Jesus. The funeral on Sunday was conducted under the auspices of the Baptist Church, where largely attended. A detachment from the Salvation Army was present at the service, his brother Daniel being Sergeant-Major of the corps. May God comfort the sorrowing wife and relatives.—Alyna Groom.

[illegible]

"One by one we e'en the river,
 One by one we're passing o'er,
 One by one the error are men,
 On the bright and happy shore;
 Youth and childhood oft are passing
 O'er the dark and rolling tide;
 And the blessed Holy Spirit
 Is the dying Christian's Guide,
 And the loving, gentle Spirit
 Bears them o'er the rolling tide,"

—Cand. Jennie Gruite.

Carman.—Bro. Jas. Wilson, of Elm Creek, Me., met with a painful accident on the 16th ult. While running a circular saw—saw the boxing broke and part of the saw struck him inflicting a terrible gash in the face and forehead. Although every effort was put forth that medical skill could advance, yet no hope was held of his recovery from the first.

Bro. Wilson is a native of New York, a farmer, having formerly lived in Morden, Me., where his excellent character and Christian life endeared him to all who knew him. His testimony in Carman, not long ago, ran like this: "I feel the great importance of living every day for God."

The funeral was held at the family residence, at Elm Creek on Monday, Dec. 22nd, being conducted by the Methodist and Presbyterian ministers, assisted by Euseign McLean, of Carmouche.



Canadian Cuttings.

Rev. Dr. Gordon, of Halifax, Principal-elect of Queen's University, will be in Kingston next week to enter upon his duties.

Returns from Fort William increase the Ontario referendum vote to 199,077 for the act, and 103,051 against it.

Chief Justice McGuire, of the North-West Territories, has resigned, and will be succeeded by Hon. A. L. Sifton, Commissioner of Public Works in the Territories Government.

A fatal head-on collision took place on the G. T. R., near the tunnel under the Welland Canal, between an express train and a light engine from Niagara Falls.

Lord Strathcona has offered to give \$20,000 towards the construction of a \$100,000 gymnasium at McGill University.

Three new and promising oil wells are reported in Raleigh Township.

The geyser at Eldorado, in the Klondike, is giving the territorial authorities much trouble, and has already done much damage, according to a despatch received by the steamer City of Seattle. The geyser, which began flowing early in the month, and which the government officials had succeeded in capping, has broken out again, and is sending an immense volume of water a foot over the surrounding country. The glacier formed by the geyser extends over an area of three miles, and is increasing in size.

By a rear-end collision on the Victoria Bridge between two Grand Trunk freight trains, Conductor Octave Tremblay was killed. The wreck at once caught fire, and blazed fiercely sixty feet above the St. Lawrence.

The Grand Trunk car works at London, Ont., will be set to work on an order for 400 flatcars.

The London Daily Mail prophesies that Canada is about to become a great commercial nation.

Mr. William McKenzie announced at Winnipeg, that the Canadian Northern would be extended from Port Arthur to Quebec, and the James Bay line, from Toronto, was already under way.

U. S. Siftings.

An epidemic of bubonic plague, and in some cases pneumonic plague, has assumed a serious aspect in San Francisco, and the bacillus of the plague has been found in rats which have died in that city.

It was announced in Springfield, Mass., that the Methodists of the United States had raised more than \$20,000,000 in response to the 20th Century Thank-Offering Fund, inaugurated four years ago.

It is reported that the Prince of Wales, with Lord Roberts and others, will visit the United States next spring.

Dr. Lorenzo, the famous Austrian surgeon, was presented with the freedom of New York City.

It is reported that a train on the Wabash Railway ran one mile in 38 seconds.

Fez is still holding out against the rebels. Three men were killed and a dozen injured by an explosion in a Pottsville, Pa., mine.

An explosion and cave-in, caused by the settling of the Delaware & Hudson mine workings, occurred at Olyphant. J. W. O'Brien's hotel and the residence of Mrs. Mary Evans, adjoining, were swallowed up.

British Briefs.

General Ben Viljoen has been asked to command the Boers who have volunteered to fight against the Mad Mullah.

In commemoration of the coronation durbar orders have been issued to release certain classes of military offenders, and 16,188 prisoners who are in civil jails in India.

The Boers in Natal are angry with the blacks of that colony, and are anxious to fight them.

Since his accession King Edward has conferred 3,000 honors.

One hundred Boers who have volunteered to fight against the Mad Mullah will sail from Cape Town next week.

The modus vivendi regarding the French shore of Newfoundland will be renewed for one year.

A British punitive expedition will be despatched against the Emir of Kano, a Mohammedan ruler, in northern Nigeria.

Marconi wireless telegraphy messages were exchanged between the stations at Wellfleet, Mass., and Poldhu, Cornwall.

A number of Pathans were foiled in an attempt to rob the jewel room of the Delhi Art Exhibition, containing gems valued at \$1,250,000.

International Items.

President Castro accepts The Hague arbitration in principle, but with an additional proposition which the Government at Washington does not support.

It is announced that neither Russia nor Austria contemplates intervention in Macedonia.

In a battle between Bulgarian and Turkish soldiers, the latter lost fifteen killed, including their commander.

A daily newspaper is to be published on an ocean liner soon to sail from Liverpool to New York, the news to be supplied by wireless telegraphy.

Senor Sagasta, former Premier of Spain, is dead.

Teresita, the daughter Garibaldi, and wife of General Canzio, the Italian patriot, died suddenly, at Caprera. She accompanied Garibaldi in all his campaigns.

The Senatorial elections in France resulted in a net gain of 13 seats for the Government.

It is said that the Pope will appeal to all Christian Governments to take steps to stop duelling.

President Loubet, of France, has sent \$2,000 for the relief of sufferers for the earthquake at Andijan, Russian Turkestan.

A number of people were hurt in disturbances at Namur, Belgium, resulting from bad feelings between soldiers and civilians.

The missionaries in the Sianfu (China) region have been officially notified to be prepared to leave if necessary. It is recommended that the women and children be sent to safe ports. The movements of General Tungfuh Siang, who is dissatisfied with the administration, give reason to expect trouble. He is supposed to have 10,000 warriors under his command. The Imperial forces are very inferior in numbers.

Fifty-eight men were killed in a mining disaster at Bachmut, Russia.

Every day, as the winter advances, accounts are received of the ravages of wolves throughout Roumania. Every part of the country appears to be infested with these animals. Hardly a newspaper appears without reports of half a dozen cases where persons have been attacked and devoured by wolves.

The Moorish rebels have retired from their positions around Fes.

Revival Campaign at Riverside.

Twenty-Two Surrenders.

(Special.)

We have just had a glorious beginning to our revival campaign at Riverside. We found the soldiers in excellent spirits, and with their officers, Ensign and Mrs. Hoddinott, ready for anything. God came mightily to our help and poured out His Spirit in abundant measure upon us. It was, in reality, one of the best week-ends of our experience. Twenty-two sought the Lord, either for pardon or purity and power. We wound up on Sunday night with shouts of victory and music and dancing. Major Burditt spoke words of farewell, and Capt. Urquhart's violin seemed to play more sweetly than ever.—Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

Montreal's Mammoth Christmas Feeds.

Over Three Thousand of Montreal's Poor Cheered by the Salvation Army.

Many opened their eyes with amazement when it was announced that the Army, under the direction of Brigadier Turner, would feed 2,000 poor children and adults this Christmas. Our efforts last year resulted in the cheering of 1,000 people, and was of such an encouraging character that we were inspired to double it this year. We went even further than that when we saw the need, so that at the close of the final effort at "Joe Beef's" nearly 3,500 had been provided for. The scheme was divided into four efforts.

FIRST, THE DISTRIBUTION OF BASKETS ON MONDAY EVENING, THE 22ND.

The Alexander St. barracks was filled with poor and destitute. There were men and women, mothers with children in arms, and unkempt children hanging to their tattered garments.

They were given a hearty welcome. To begin with, there was a magic lantern service, conducted by Ensign Poole and Capt. Owen, which caused the audience to have some hearty laughs, but the touching side was not missing—sometimes the tears fell thick and fast. Short addresses were given by Staff-Capt. Creighton, Adj. Fraser, and Mr. E. L. Gnaedinger. The Misses Gatehouse, Richer, and Ensign Cabrit enlivened the occasion with music and song.

After a short Gospel talk by the Brigadier, the people passed around by the platform and received a basket sufficient for ten persons, consisting of fowl, vegetables, fruit, a loaf of bread, and some tea.

The people seemed exceedingly grateful, and many were the expressions of gratitude as they passed out, not without the kindly "God bless you!" from the officers.

EFFORT NO. 2.

At the Women's Shelter, on Christmas Day, Ensign Taylor looked after the wants of the poor and homeless women. A substantial dinner was provided, and a goodly number sat down. Christmas was made happier, and their sad hearts cheered.

NO. 3.—THE GREAT CHILDREN'S DAY.

Long before the time announced for the supper to begin, Alexander St. was filled with children of every description. The usual shouts, yells, and gibes were in evidence, and the door-keeper had troubles of his own in keeping the way clear.

Shortly after four Adj. Fraser announced that all was ready, and the children, who were admitted by ticket, came thronging up the stairs. Four long tables were loaded with good things, and after Brigadier Turner had said the grace, the children pitched in and the goodies soon disappeared. Four times were these tables re-filled with hungry children.

After the feasting, a short entertainment was given, Brigadier Turner in the chair. After this came good Santa Claus, and then the big tree was unloaded, and every child secured some useful present, in the form of gloves, caps, mitts, coats, underwear, mufflers, etc. I assure you it was a happy crowd of children that wended their way homeward from the S. A. barracks that evening.

LASTLY, THE POOR MAN'S DINNER.

Last, but not by any means the least, was the poor man's dinner, on New Year's Day, at the Lighthouse, better known as "Joe Beef's." About 300 sat down to dinner, consisting of goose, plum-pudding, etc. They were indeed an interesting crowd, many possessing intelligent faces, yet marred by sin. If we could get the life-sketches of some of these men it would provide interesting material for publication.

Staff-Capt. Creighton, who superintended the arrangements, nobly assisted by Adj. Parsons, who has charge of the Lighthouse, conducted the devotional exercises, and the men did justice to the good fare provided, which was pronounced by many as the best yet.

So ended the Christmas Relief Scheme for 1902.—Voilà Tout.

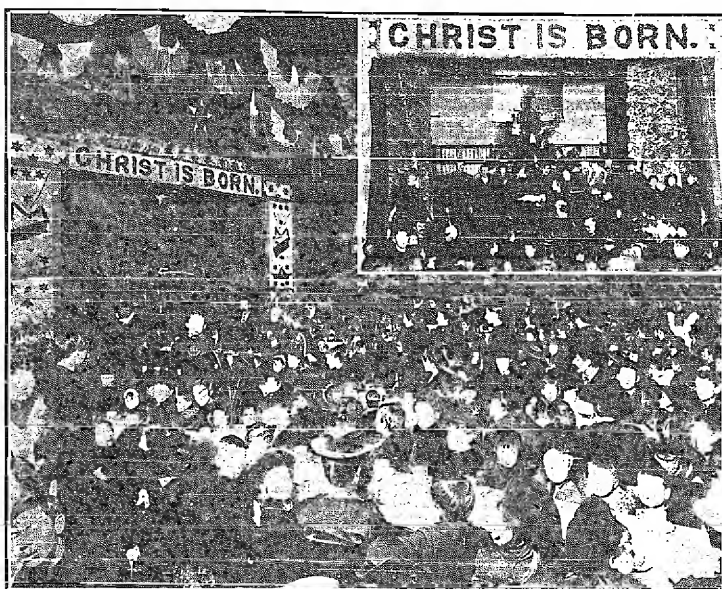
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THE COMMISSIONER AT THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

The General in the Golden West.

(Continued from page 9.)

door of the sin-barred soul, and the General was at the front.

"My mission to-night is two-fold," he said. "First, to warn you of coming judgment, of a wrath that, long delayed, is following on; and on the other hand, to beg you to flee away and find a refuge in the Redeemer's side." And very soon he was deep in the burning truths of his subject.

"Men say, 'Why do you want me to be religious?'" the General argued; "'why must I give up my sins? I am getting pleasure, and money, and fame out of them. Why can I not keep them?' You can keep them and

BE DAMNED IN THEM;

but you cannot have salvation unless you forsake them, and turn your back upon them for ever."

And when dealing with the procrastinations which result in the eternal loss of so many, the General, with a voice of thrilling earnestness which rang through the very corridors of the theatre, reminded us that "God allows men to go so far in their iniquities, but the last drop fills the cup of wickedness, exhausts His mercy, and the blow of long-gathering wrath falls, which separates them from hope for ever."

"From every sin committed, whether done in the blaze of the public, or in the privacy of a man's own soul, there goes up a cry to heaven for vengeance—and the wages of sin is death."

"And yet, and yet," the General continued, "God does not allow men to damn their souls too easily; He is so good, so good. He strews their path with obstacles, and fences their way with warnings, pierces their consciences with the arrows of truth, and wounds their hearts with the appeals of love and mercy."

And He did it that night. Far back in the hall, as the prayer meeting was proceeding, we had abundant evidence of it. Never do we remember the spirit of conviction being more evidenced.

"I know it all," groaned a fine young man whose face was buried in his hands, while he was vainly trying to hide the fast-falling tears. "I know the General is right, but you see, for me to go back to God would mean too big a cost, and I can't do it."

His wife sat weeping by his side, and yet, I fear, a hindrance, rather than a helpmeet. Sad that it should be—that those of us who can best help each other should too often prove a stumbling-block.

But finally divine love proved stronger than human affection, and the young husband rushed out to the front to start the life which, in all probability, would mean the salvation of his dear ones.

He was soon joined by twenty-six weeping penitents who laid their burdens down at Jesus' feet. To close the meeting seemed impossible. Truly the best wine was the last. What heavenly influences! what pentecostal out-pourings! what healings and rejoicings! what shining countenances! what glorious conversions were all crowded into that single prayer meeting on that eventful day! Surely the War Crys of heaven will contain racy records, and surely there was rejoicing among the angels.

GOD IN MAN.

FROM "THE CHERUBIC PILGRIM."

These lines were composed by Johannes Scheffler (*Angelus Silesius*), the Mystic Poet—born at Breslau, Silesia, 1624, died there in Jesuit Convent, 1677.

God's Spirit falls on me as dewdrops on a rose, If I but like a rose my heart to Him uncloze.

The soul wherein God dwells—what church can holier be?— Becomes a walking tent of heavenly majesty.

Lo! in the silent night a child to God is born, And all is brought again that e'er was lost or torn.

Could but the soul, O man, become a silent night, God would be born in thee, and set all things aright.

Ye know God but as Lord, hence Lord His name with ye; I feel Him but as Love, and Love His name with me.

How far from here to heaven? Not very far, my friend— A single hearty step will all thy journey end.

Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born, If He's not born in thee, thy soul is all forlorn.

Hold there! Where runnest thou? Know heaven is in thee; Seekest thou for God elsewhere, His face thou'lt never see.

In all eternity no tone can be so sweet As where man's heart with God's in unison doth beat.

Whate'er thou lovest, man, that, too, become thou must; God, if thou lovest God; dust, if thou lovest dust.

Ah! would the heart but be a manger for the birth, God would once more become a child on earth.

Immeasurable is the Highest; who but knows it?

And yet a human heart can perfectly enclose it.

Training Home Tips.

BY ADJT. PERRY.

To say the Cadets enjoyed Christmas is very mildly putting it. "Best Christmas we ever had," came forth in one loud chorus, when the note-collector asked how they enjoyed it. It could scarcely be otherwise, for had not Major and Mrs. Stanyon done all in their power to make them happy. They had presents on their plates at breakfast, dinner, and supper; in fact, I heard one Cadet say he would like two more meals for the day, no doubt with the hope of getting another lot. One thing sure, he did not want two more meals to satisfy the inner man, for the tables had just groaned with eatables at each sitting.

♦ ♦ ♦

About 10.30 in the morning Santa Claus appeared, and distributed to each Cadet a nice framed picture of the Commissioner, a most acceptable Christmas gift, from our esteemed leader. Santa's visit was made most pleasant. He was treated to cake that had come many a mile, sent to different Cadets as a reminder of "Home, sweet home."

♦ ♦ ♦

The writer fears the Editor, kind as he is, will not give him space to put in the happenings between Christmas and New Year's, so I must be satisfied with just barely mentioning one or two events.

♦ ♦ ♦

The Christmas entertainment on Tuesday, to which the Cadets were especially invited, was enjoyed immensely.

♦ ♦ ♦

The Watch-night was a blessed time to the lads and lasses. After the breaking-in of the New Year, one sister-Cadet got the glory in her feet, and, with her comrade-lasses, had a dance. On her person was a watch that hadn't gone for two months—was supposed to be seriously injured—but the dance started it up, and it hasn't stopped since. It is to be hoped it never will. It started at a good place and at a good time, anyway.

♦ ♦ ♦

What shall I say of the New Year's dinner for the children? The Cadets had thoroughly enjoyed the distribution of baskets to the poor, at Christmas, but the "feed for the youngsters" seemed to be their culminating joy for Christmas week. They worked like Trojans, both lads and lasses, but they were happy—happy because they were making others so. One lad-Cadet said to the writer, "My, I did enjoy that affair!" And he did, there was no mistake about it; he looked quite parental holding a little babe so that the poor, tired mother could be free to eat. Perhaps they were his happiest moments.

♦ ♦ ♦

The Cadets' day ended by two of them taking home a poor intoxicated man, whom they found stretched across the street. The policeman was going to take him in charge if they hadn't. It was a case of sadness following gladness, but the two Cadets were thankful to be able to get him home and pray with him. They often see joy and sorrow interlaced.

Humility does not consist in our being ignorant of our talents, but they what they may, but in being properly impressed with the end for which they were given.

